

1509/521.

THE  
RIGHTS OF KINGS;

OR,

LOYAL ODES

TO

DISLOYAL ACADEMICIANS.

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By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

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Τὸ μᾶλιν θυμὸς ἐν σίῃ.

ANACREON.

Thus for a MIGHTY MONARCH to be *levell'd*!  
Pray were you drunk, or mad, Sirs, or be-devill'd?

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DUBLIN:

Printed by William Porter,

FOR G. BURNET, P. WOGAN, P. BYRNE, W. CORBET,  
J. MOORE, J. JONES, A. GRUEBER, W. JONES,  
G. DRAFER, R. WHITE, G. RICE, AND  
R. M'ALLISTER.

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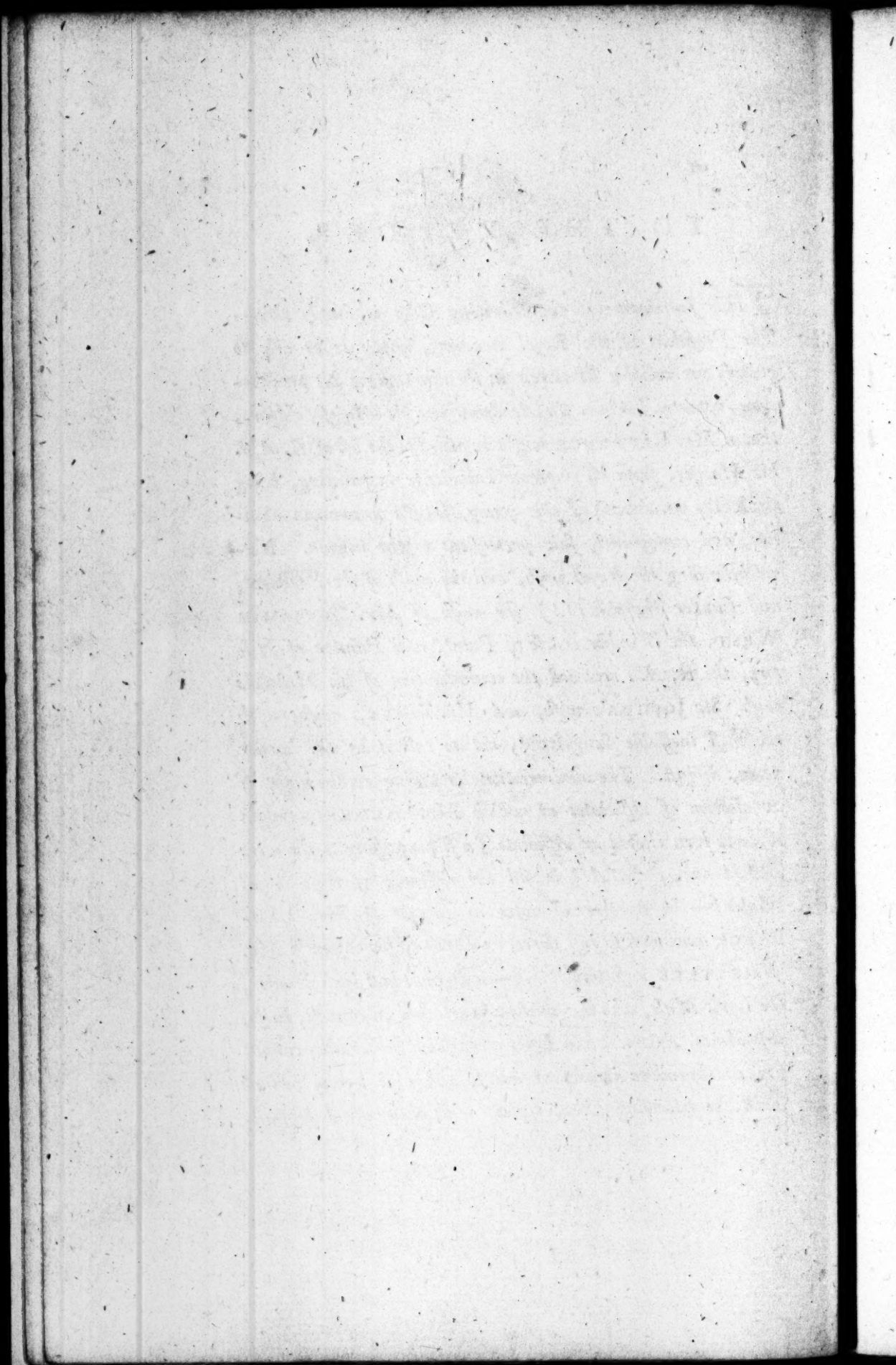
M.DCC.XCI.



## TO THE READER.

*THE foundation of the following Odes is simply this—The President of the Royal Academy, happy to be able to gratify our amiable Monarch in the minutest of his predilections, reported lately to the Academicians his Majesty's desire, that a Mr. LAURENCE might be added to the list of R. A.'s. his Majesty, from his superior knowledge in painting, being perfectly convinced of this young Artist's uncommon abilities, and consequently fair pretensions to the honour. Notwithstanding the Royal wish, and the wish of the President, and (under the rose!!!) the wish of Mr. BENJAMIN WEST, the Windsor oracle of Paint, and Painter of History, the R. A.'s received the annunciation of his Majesty's wish, Sir JOSHUA's wish, and Mr. WEST's wish, with the most ineffable sang-froid, not to call it by the harder name, disgust. The annunciation happening on the night of an election of Associates at which Mr. LAURENCE ought to have been elected an Associate (a step necessary to the more exalted one of R. A.) behold the obstinacy of these Royal Mules!—the number of votes in favour of Mr. LAURENCE amounted to just three, and that of his opponent Mr. WHEATLEY to sixteen!!!—Indignant and loyal Reader, the Lyric Muse, who has uniformly attacked Meanness, Folly, Impudence, Avarice, and Ignorance, from her cradle, caught fire at the above important event, and most loyally poured forth the following Odes, replete with their usual sublimities.*







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# P R O E M I U M.

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## TO THE PUBLIC.

**G**ENTLES! behold a poor plain-spoken man!  
Modest as ADDINGTON our SPEAKER,  
Amidst Saint Stephen's patriotic clan,  
Where INNOCENCE so meek did ne'er look meeker;

When with much palpitation, and much dread,  
He turn'd about his pretty Speaker's head,  
One leg just rais'd to hop into the chair;  
Just like a CAT in rain amid the street,  
That fears to wet her white and velvet feet,  
Which for a handsome gutter-leap prepare!

"I fear I am a most unworthy choice,"  
Said *Mister* SPEAKER, with a lamb-like voice!  
"I have but one step more," he cried,  
Keeping his head coquettishly aside.

How much like CHRISTIE, with his hammer rais'd,  
(CHRISTIE, a public Speaker too, so prais'd),  
Looking around him, simpering, smiling, bowing,  
Then crying—"Gemmen, going, going, going!"

Yes,

Yes, *Gentles* all, a modest Bard and shy,  
 With dove-like mien, and ground-exploring eye;  
 Modest as *Mister SPEAKER* at the LORDS,  
 When lowly he did Majesty beseech  
 T' allow his *humble COMMONS* use of words;  
 That is to say, a liberty of speech:

Also to have at times a *tête-à-tête*,  
 Because a *confab* royal is a treat;  
 Indeed for *subjects* much too rich,  
 As wise KING JAMES asserted of the *itch*:

Likewise to have the privilege of TICK,  
 Because a BAILIFF is a meddling rogue,  
 Who, with a hand of iron, or a stick,  
 Stoppeth the travels of our men of vogue!  
 Barbarian act, that men of worship frets!  
 Who think of loftier things than idle debts;  
 Deep pond'ring ever on the NATION's good,  
 Not on great greasy butchers, tailor knaves,  
 Mercers and clammy grocers—compter slaves,  
 Who, by their stinking sweat, procure their food.

Tradesmen! a set of vulgar swine;  
 Crutches for FORTUNE in a deep decline:  
 Lo what a Tradesman's good for, and lo all—  
 A wooden buttress for a tott'ring wall!

With tears have I beheld full many a 'SQUIRE  
 Most brutally by *Bailiffs* dragg'd along;  
 For turnpike, furniture, or house's hire,  
 Horse, wages, coach, or some such idle song!

Now 'Squire's a title of much reputation—  
 Belongs to people of *no*—occupation;  
 Who cannot (in their looks we read it)  
 Get, for a mutton-chop, a little credit!

Poor



## P R E M I U M.

Poor Gentlemen, how hard, alas! their fate,  
To knuckle to such nuisances of State!

*Gentles*, to you, well-pleas'd, I turn again,  
Quitting my fav'rite *rambling* strain;  
Leaving belov'd, admir'd, ador'd digression,  
So practis'd by *us* men of *ode-profession*,  
When we have scarcely aught to sing or say,  
And sneaking FANCY quits the lyric lay.

I do remember!—What?—That thus my pen,  
Licentious, slander'd crown-and-sceptre men!  
“ Readers, one moment look me in the face;  
“ A Poet not *quite* destitute of grace;  
“ And answer *one* not bred in FLATTERY's schools—  
“ Are you, or are you not, a set of fools?  
“ Pinning your faith on GRANDEUR's sleeve—  
“ Say, do you, in your consciences, believe  
“ That M——s never can be weak nor mean;  
“ And that a M——'s wife, yclepp'd a ——,  
“ May not (and why not?) be a downright slop,  
“ Form'd of the coarsest rags of NATURE's shop?  
“ I read the answer in each visage”—No.”  
“ O Jesu! *can* it be? and *is* it so?  
“ Put down my book—  
“ Give it not *one* contaminating look:  
“ I stare on you with pity—nay, with pain—  
“ KEARSLEY shall toss your money back again:  
“ Get your crowns shav'd, poor souls—I wish you well—  
“ And hear me—Bedlam has a vacant cell.”

Such, were the stanzas that I wrote of yore,  
When tainted by a King-deriding Clan:  
But now I curse those *tenets* o'er and o'er—  
A convert quite—a sweet and alter'd man:

The



The sacred force of SOV'REIGNTY I feel——  
To ROYALTY's stern port I learn to kneel:

For Royalties are deem'd most sacred things;  
So sacred by the Courtiers, that the *Bible*  
May be inform'd against, and prov'd a libel,  
For saying—"Put no confidence in Kings!"

Though this indeed may be interpolation,  
As much was coined by Popish priests and friars;  
For ah! how hard 'tis for imagination  
To fancy Monarchs hypocrites and liars!

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O D E  
TO THE  
ACADEMICIANS.

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AM I awake, or dreaming, O ye Gods?  
Alas! in *waking's* favour lie the odds!  
The dev'l it is! ah me! 'tis really so!  
How, Sirs! on Majesty's proud corns to tread!  
Messieurs Academicians, when you're dead,  
Where can your Impudencies hope to go?  
Refuse a Monarch's mighty orders!—  
It smells of treason—on rebellion borders!  
'Sdeath, Sirs! it was the QUEEN's fond wish as well,  
That \* MASTER LAWRENCE should come in!  
Against a Queen so gentle to rebel!  
This is another crying sin?  
What!—not oblige, in such a trifling thing,  
So sweet a Queen, and such a goodly King!

\* A young Portrait-painter of some merit.

B

A Queen

A Queen *unus'd* to opposition-weather—  
 At disappointment so *unus'd* to start—  
 So full of dove-like gentleness her heart,  
 As if the dove had lent its softest feather,  
 That heart of gentleness to form,  
*Unus'd* (as I have said) to opposition-storm !

O let me just inform you, one and all,  
 That Kings and Potentates, both great and small,  
 Born to be humour'd, for *obedience* battle :  
 Most instantaneous too must be compliance ;  
 Refusal is most damnable defiance ;  
 They struggle for't, like children for the rattle.

But in our *simile* some difference lies—  
 We whip a bantling when it kicks and cries,  
 Fully determin'd not to please it :  
 But lo ! the children that possess a crown  
 (Young Herculeses) knock us down,  
 And, angry for the bauble, *seize* it.

Each of you, Sirs, has kept a cur, *perchaunce* :  
 Poor wretch, how oft his eyes with lightnings dance ;  
 How he looks up to Master for a smile !  
 Shakes his imploring head with wriggling tail,  
 Now whining yelps, now pawing to prevail,  
 Eager with such anxiety the while ;

And if a pat *should* bless the whining scraper,  
 Lord, how the animal begins to caper !

Thus should it be with subjects and great Kings—  
 But you are strangers to these humble things.  
 For shame ! upon the courtier's creed go look—  
 And take a leaf from humble HAWKSBURY's book ;  
 Or sweet neck-bending water-gruel LEEDS,  
 Who Majesty with pap of flattery feeds ;

Which



Which pap, if highly relish'd, will of course,  
Réwarded, make him MASTER OF THE HORSE.

Where was PREROGATIVE—asleep?  
A blockhead, not a better watch to keep  
In this most solemn, most important hour!  
Why heard we not the thunder of his voice;  
Saw down your gullets cramm'd the royal choice,  
So easy to the iron arm of Power?

Why slept his sledge, the guardian of a crown,  
So form'd to knock unruly rascals down?  
Ah me! PREROGATIVE seems nearly dead!  
Behold his tott'ring limbs and palsied head;  
Sunk in their orbits his dim eyes;  
His teeth dropp'd out; and hark! his voice so weak;  
A mouse behind the wainscot—eunuch squeak!  
“Ah! *non sum qualis eram*,” now he sighs.  
To ev'ry body's call, ah! now so pliant!  
Sad skeleton of once a sturdy giant!

Poor bending shrivell'd form, but just alive,  
Art thou that bully once—PREROGATIVE?  
Where is the mien of Mars, the eye's wild stare,  
A meteor darting horror with its glare?  
How like a BRANDY-DRINKER, who on flame  
Feeds with a rosy beacon-face at first;  
But, by his enemy INTEMP'RANCE curst,  
Yields to that victor of mankind with shame;  
Pale, hobbling, voiceless, crawling to decay,  
Just like a passing shadow, sinks away!

Bedchamber Lords are all in ire——  
The Maids of Honour all on fire;  
Nay, though despotically shav'd, the Cooks,  
Bluff on th' occasion, put on bull's-beef looks:

And really this is very grand believing,  
So nobly to forgive the famous shaving!  
See MADAM SCHWELLENBERG most cat-like stare;  
And though no fav'rite of the King,  
She cries, "*By Got, it shock and made my hair  
Upright—it is so dam dam saucy ting.*"

STANHOPE, perchance, will clasp you in his arms;  
And PRICE's Ghost, with eloquence's charms,  
Will, from his tomb upspringing, sound applause:  
But know, I deem not so of EDMUND BURKE:  
He nobly styles the deed "a d-mn'd day's work;"  
Superior he to cutting royal claws.

MUN very justly thinks the human back  
Should be to Kings a sort of humble hack;  
'That ev'ry subject ought to wear a saddle,  
O'er which those great rough-riders, Kings, may straddle.

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O D E II.

THE fam'd Assembly of the French will smile,  
At this disgrace of our fair isle:  
Messieurs FAYETTE the Great, and Co.  
With tears of joy will overflow,  
And order the Assembly of the Nation  
'To send you sweet congratulation.

What hast thou to complain of each, thou imp?  
Compar'd to Kings, a grampus and a shrimp?

Lo! when from Windfor mighty Kings arrive,  
Like London mack'el, all alive!

Terrene

Terrenes of flatt'ry are prepar'd so hot  
By courtiers—a delicious pepper-pot;  
Which, to be sure, the royal maw devours,  
Kings boasting very strong digestive pow'rs.

A POINTER thus, lock'd up a week,  
Half starv'd, and longing for a steak;  
Behold him now turn'd loose so wild to eat—  
Gods! how he gobbles down the broth and meat!

Yes, flatt'ry-soups are all prepar'd so hot,  
As I have hinted, a fine pepper-pot:

Side-dishes too of curtsies, bows, and scrapes,  
With stare and wonder in all sorts of shapes;  
Attentions darting from the full-stretch'd eye,  
That not a royal glance may pass unheeded by:  
Attentions sharp as those of LUMPY, SMALL,  
At cricket skill'd to catch the flying ball;  
Whilst you survey (abominable thing!)  
With cold contempt the character of King!

Think by what royal bounty you are blest!

Think of the patronage to Painters all!  
Not a poor shallow rill confin'd to WEST,  
But torrents that like Niagara fall.

Yes; GEORGE is gen'rous—watches all your wants—  
And pours his soft'ring rains upon his plants.  
Then, meeting such a friend, you ought to cry,  
“Glory be to GEORGE on high!”

Thus, when two clouds approach, a wand'ring pair,  
As oft it happens, 'mid their walks in air;

Though one be rich, the other poor  
In rare electric matter, how they greet!  
With what delight they seem to meet;

And, pleas'd, with all the fire of friendship roar!

GEORGE,



GEORGE, O ye raggamuffins, loves you dearly;  
Sends you rare pictures for improvement yearly;  
Buys up your works, and much commission gives  
To Hist'ry, Portrait, Landscape-Men—  
Careful as of her chicken a good hen:  
Thus like an Alderman each Limner lives.

Yes; a good hen—I see her wing display'd,  
To warm, protect you with parental shade:  
But you, a flock of vile rebellious chicken,  
Are all for mounting on your mother's back,  
With threat'ning beak and noisy faucy clack,  
Her eyes out, trying to be picking;

Against her blasphemously swearing:  
This is undutiful beyond all bearing.  
Where'er the plaintive cry of WANT appears,  
Cock'd, like a greyhound's, are the King's two ears:  
Ready for such poor wights to bake, and brew!  
A circumstance believ'd by very few!  
Thus, to PHILOSOPHY's surprise,  
A pin can lead the lightning of the skies!

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O D E III.

BEHOLD, his Majesty is in a passion!  
Tremble, ye rogues, and tremble all the nation!  
Suppose he takes it in his royal head  
To strike your Academic 'Idol dead;  
Knock down your HOUSE, dissolve you in his ire,  
And strip you of your boasted title—'SQUIRE!

To

To bend a piece of iron to your will,  
 You always make that iron hot;  
 For then it asks but little force and skill—  
 Its sturdiness is quite forgot:

But lo! it is quite otherwise with man!  
 Make *him* red-hot, and bend him as you can:  
 So widely different are the metals,  
 Composing man, or kings indeed, and kettles!

Oft has he left his Queen and Windsor tow'rs,  
 Oft from the fascinating Dairy flown,  
 To raise the Arts with all his mighty pow'rs,  
 And hold high converse with the folks of Town:

From lofty CARTHAGE thus, by Jove's decree,  
 On nobler works than those of love, intent,  
 ÆNEAS from the widow DIDO went,  
 And, full of piety, put off to sea!

Vain of your Academic honours, vain,  
       I say agen,  
 Idly you deem'd yourselves the first of men;  
       And then  
 You spurn'd the hand which rais'd you into notice—  
 By all the Gods, unfortunately, so 'tis!

Full oft, by FORTUNE, man is play'd a trick;  
 Too often ruin'd by her glittering toys,  
 Just like the CANDLE's luckless wick  
 Surrounded by the lustre that destroys.

O D E IV.

RESISTANCE turns me, like a napkin, pale;

REBELLION chills me into stone;

" Tell not in Gath the tale,

" Nor publish in the streets of Ascalon."

Copy the manners of a Court:

There (thanks to EDUCATION for't)

SUBMISSION cowering creeps, with fearful eye,

Unceasing bends the willowy neck to ground,

In rev'rence, abject and profound,

Too humbly modest to behold the sky:

There, all alive too, HAWK ATTENTION sits,

To study Royal HUMOUR's various fits;

With wings expanded, ready to fly post,

To East, to West, to North, or South,

To cater for a Monarch's mighty mouth,

To get him bak'd, or grill'd, or boil'd, or roast:

Now scampers to pick up each bit of news,

Which full-fed London ev'ry moment sp—s:

Then to the Palace the rich treasure bears,

And pours the whole into the royal ears.

There ADULATION, with her silver tongue,

Sweeter than Philomela's sweetest song,

Says unto Majesty *such things!*

Tells him that CÆSAR won not half *his* fame;

That Alexander was a childish name

Compar'd to *his*—the King of KINGS!

Now smiling, staring huge surprise,

With such a brace of wonder-looking eyes,

On



On all the words from Majesty that dart;  
As if bright gems, as large as eggs of pullet,  
Flow'd from the King's Golconda gullet,

Enough, indeed, to load a cart:  
Her mouth so pleas'd the treasures to devour!  
Wide as the port-hole of a Seventy-four!

Such is the picture of a Palace scene,  
Drawn by an *amateur*, I ween:  
The outline chaste, and easy flowing;  
The colouring not a whit too glowing.  
Such, such is ADULATION, charming maid!  
Whose conduct you won't copy, I'm afraid.

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## O D E V.

AT opposition, lo! the foul demurs!  
At such the royal mind revolts;  
Hates it as much as sticks, the cats and curs,  
Or curbs, and whips, and spurs, high-mettled colts.  
Too well I know that you the Great despise;  
Molehills, instead of mountains, in your eyes:

'Tis wrong!  
I often rev'rence GRANDEUR in my song.

Go, Sirs, to Court upon a gala day:  
Soon as the foldiers cry aloud, "Make way!"

How gloriously the Courtiers strut it by,  
In gorgeous clothes of silk and gold,  
With such an elevated front, and bold,  
With such state-consequence in either eye;

So much above the ground on which they strut,  
 So stiff, so stake-like, all the pompous pack,  
 As though Dame Nature had forgot to put  
 The joints of manners to the neck and back.

O glorious fight ! this no one dares deny :  
 And lo ! I'd lay considerable odds,  
 That man who ne'er divinities did spy,  
 Would really take them for a pack of gods !

Grant that the Great are ignorant—what then ?  
 Still are they folks of worship—still *great* men ;  
 Though flogg'd through schools, and banish'd from a col-  
 lege,

Although not one inch broad their minds, I ween :  
 The utmost boundary of all their knowledge,  
 The Game-aēt and JOHN NICHOL'S Magazine.

Still men of worship, must they all appear.  
 BEINGS we little people should *revere* ?

'Tis nat'ral to revere the *folk* on high ;  
 To rev'rence, lo ! our infancies are led !

Well I do recollect how oft' my eye  
 Ador'd the Kings and Queens of Gingerbread :

King David, Solomon, and that brave Queen \*  
 Who rode so far to see, and to be seen :  
 Though hungry as a hound, with pence in store,  
 When in their glory on the stalls I met 'em ;  
 Though longing to devour them o'er and o'er,  
 I deem'd it sacrilege to eat 'em !

\* Her Majesty of Sheba.

## O D E VI.

THE light of REASON is a little ray,  
 But still it shows us the right way :  
 Indeed, the GENTLEWOMAN makes no blaze,  
 No bonfire tempting a fool's eye to gaze—  
 A modest dame, remote, and calm, and coy,  
 And never playeth gambols, to destroy.

But ERROR, what a meretricious jade,  
 Amidst her trackless wilds immers'd in shade,  
 To tempt the silly and unwary !  
 Her meteor, lo ! she lights !—here, there,  
 Up, down, she dances it—now far, now near,  
 In mad and riotous vagary.

On the Fools wander, in pursuit so stout,  
 And love of this same garish light ;  
 All on a sudden goes this meteor out ;  
 And caught, like badgers, in the sack of night,  
 Blund'ring and trying to get back agen,  
 They roll about in vain, poor men.

Thus you Academicians all proceed !  
 You are those BADGERS, Gentlemen, indeed !

There seems an ardent spirit, to my mind,  
 A Revolution spirit, 'mongst mankind :  
 A spark will now set kingdoms in a blaze,  
 That would not fire a barn in former days ;  
 So lately turn'd to touchwood in each State——  
 So whimsical indeed the ways of FATE !

Pray, Sirs, both old and young, ye bright and muddy,  
 Did ever you make cuckoldom your study ?



P'rhaps *not*, if rightly I divine—  
But, Gentlemen, I've made it *mine*.

This state of man, and let me add obscenity,  
Is not a situation of *betweenity*,

As some word-coiners are dispos'd to call't—  
Meaning a mawkish, *as-it-were-ish* state,  
Containing neither love nor hate—

A sort of water-gruel without salt,

Know then, that CUCKOLDOM's all eye, all ear,

All smell, all taste, and, faith! all feeling—

His senses sharp as those of cats appear,

To right, to left—as quick as soldiers wheeling,

To catch a wife's bad fame, alas! not praise;

Thus setting traps to squeeze his future days;

Watering with one eternal tear the eye,

And making lovely LIFE one lengthen'd sigh:

A pair of antlers his—he sits on thorns—

He nothing sees but horns, horns, horns!

Nay, to the Cuckold in idea, lo,

On either side his head a horn appears

Tremendous! but which all his neighbours know

Are only one huge pair of ass's ears.

Then pray dismiss your jealousies and frights ;]

Our M——h means not to invade your rights:

It never, never was a Royal plan—

“ For BRUTUS is an honourable man!”

Greater from CHAMBERS should be all your fears,

Whose HOUSE is tumbling fast about your ears.

## O D E VII.

THE King (God grace him) wishes you to *shine* :  
*He* rais'd the building with *your* cash and *mine* :

But what is wealth? what thousands? trifling things!  
 To swell the mighty volume of its fame,  
 He call'd it ROYAL—thus he *gave* the name;

Which proveth the munificence of Kings—  
 Heav'n's, what a present! ah, well worth possessing!  
 Lo! on a level with a Bishop's blessing!

DOMITIAN (so says HIST'RY, with a sigh)

Would quit affairs of state, to hunt a fly:

But we have no such trifle-hunting Kings—

Europe knows no such miserable *things*!

Her Prince's gallop on a larger scale;

No flippant minnow, but the flound'ring whale!

GEORGE wishes not to give the dome a grave;

Not to destroy he cometh—but to save:

Not like DAME NATURE, who composes forms

The fairest for the fascinated eye;

Then sends her lightnings, floods, and storms,

To bid the beauteous flowrets die!

When once a woman's handsome, smart, and clever,

In God's name let her bloom for ever!

Ah! could I snatch TIME's ploughshare from his hand,

Who, with that ease a farmer skirts his land,

Furrows so cruelly o'er the fairest face!

Relentless as a Mohawk, on he goes,

Cuts up the lily and the rose,

Roots up each wavy curl, and bends the neck of  
 grace—

Ah!

Ah! could I simply do but this,  
The sweetest lips would give me many a kiss.

By raising, then destroying like a Turk,  
It seems as though TIME did not like his work;  
As though he wanted something *better* still,  
Than e'er was manufactur'd at his mill.

And yet how exquisite, of charms the crop  
In Melldames \* JOHNSON'S, \* KELLY'S, \* WINDSOR'S  
shop,

Or rather hot-house!—Lord, if fond of billing,  
What grace, for guineas, we may find!  
Nay, in the streets, if cheapness suits our mind,  
We purchase Cleopatras for a shilling!

O BEAUTY, how thou stealest me away!  
Born, thou sweet WITCH, thy POET to beguile!  
Thy fool, idolater, by night, by day,  
He feels a chain in ev'ry smile.  
Thou Tyrant of my heart, let go my pen—  
I *must*, *will* speak to Academic men.

Sirs! should the ROYAL EAGLE, from his height,  
Dart on your puny forms, his eye of flame,  
And wanton, just to exercise his might,  
(Deeming you no ignoble game)  
Should pounce on your owl-backs, so stout,  
How would a cloud of feathers fly about!  
'The thunder of his beak, for falling, ripe—  
What figures you would cut within his gripe!  
This can the KING OF ISLES perform—I know it—  
Yet, though of pow'r so full, he will not show it.  
Too soon your band its weakness would deplore!  
A crab in a cow's mouth—no more!

\* The Priestesses of the Cyprian Goddess.

Say,



Say, don't you tremble at th' affronted name?  
 Where lurks the burning blush of shame?  
 Alas! that symptom of remaining grace  
 Knows not to tinge an Academic face!

Sons of the Dev'l like you, rebellious, hear—  
 It is for Kings to *burden—us* to bear.

I own I've said (and glory in th' advice),  
 "Be not, O King, as usual, *over-nice*;  
 "Dread Sire, (to take a phrase from CALIBAN)  
 "Bite 'em"—  
 "To pour a heavier vengeance on the clan,  
 "Knight 'em."

## O D E VIII.

THE modern French deem Monarchs much like fire,  
 Which a good looking-after doth require—

Too much inclin'd to prove an evil,  
 A fire that needeth to be well secur'd,  
 Well iron'd, pinion'd, and immur'd,

Which otherwise would play the devil;  
 Yet if on politics a *bard* may prate,  
 I deem their Monarch's jacket rather strait.  
 MESDAMES POISSARDES, 'twas shockingly ill bred,  
 To fling your flounders at your MONARCH's head.

Though, VENUS-like, descended from the flood,  
 'Twas base, ye sweet DIVINITIES of Mud.  
 To this great truth, a UNIVERSE agrees,  
 "He who lies down with dogs, will rise with fleas."

How

How applicable! lo, you took advice,  
 I'm sure, from that ARCH-DEVIL, DOCTOR PRICE,  
 And STANHOPE—who so praise the French and clap,  
 For catching Kings, like polecats, in a trap.

O may I never *be*—but *were* I King,  
 Like ropes should I consider laws;  
 Preventing, when I wish'd it, a good spring—  
 Hand-cuffs to bind my lion claws.

A fet of articles implies mistrust—  
 How can the LORD'S ANOINTED be unjust?  
 We never should believe such things  
 As doubt the wisdom of the KING OF KINGS:  
 What the LORD chooseth *must* be good,  
 Although he sent us but a piece of wood.  
 Ev'n † CHESTERFIELD, that Atheistic Dog,  
 Declares he has a rev'ence for KING LOG,  
 " When will that lucky day be born, that brings  
 " A bridle for the arrogance of Kings?  
 " Too slowly moves, alas! the loit'ring hour,  
 " When will those tyrants cease to fancy Man  
 " A Dog in PROVIDENCE's lev'ling plan,  
 " To crouch and lick the blood-stain'd rods of Pow'r?"  
 Such is your most unkingly cry—  
 And lo, I tell it with a sigh!

Rank is in man the itch of opposition,  
 Which wanteth a good whip for a physician.  
 You keep bad company that turns your head—  
 So hungrily you ev'ry thing devour,  
 That tends to clip the wings of royal pow'r,  
 Which like the eagle's pinion ought to spread;

† " I confess I have some regard for KING LOG." *Vide* his Letters.

So greedily suck in REBELLION's breath,  
That wafts the seeds of IMPUDENCE and DEATH,

Thus, hound-like, at a Lord-Mayor's feast,  
A COMMON-COUNCILMAN, a beast,  
On ev'ry season'd dish so hungry stuffs—  
Unbuttons, wipes the sweat away, and puffs.

Poor fool! he swallows rheumatism and gout,  
Asthma and apoplexy—and more ills  
Than Doctors, with their knowledges so stout,  
Can vanquish with their boluses and pills!

But, Sirs, you must be *cautious* how to act;  
*Attorney-General* is no *reasoning* thing!

'Tis an indubitable fact,  
This fellow is the creature of a King;  
His eagle=thunder-bearer=loud his cry=  
And "Instant vengeance" is his sole reply:  
'Tis dangerous to shake hands with such hard claws;  
His gripe enough to make the bravest pause!

Then be not at your midnight orgies seen,  
Buzzing opinions upon King and Queen,  
Ah! should he sally forth so strong,  
Amidst your wantonness of speech and song,  
Unlin'd by mercy, you will feel his gripe,  
Stopping the melody of many a pipe.

Thus at the solemn, still, and sunless hour,  
When to their sports the insect nations pour:  
In airy tumult blest, the light-wing'd throng,  
Thoughtless of enemies in ambuscade,  
Hums to NIGHT's list'ning ear the choral song,  
And wantons through the boundless field of shade;  
When, lo! the mouse-fac'd DEMON of the gloom,  
Espying, hungry meditates their doom!

D

Bounce,



Bounce, from his hole so secret bursts the BAT,  
 To honour, mercy, moderation, lost!  
 Behold him sally on the humming host,  
 And murd'rous overturn the tribes of GNAT;  
 Nimble from right to left, like TIPPOO, wheel,  
 And snap ten thousand pris'ners at a meal!

---

## ODE IX.

HOW pleasant 'tis the Courtier clan to see!  
 So prompt to drop to Majesty the knee;  
 To start, to run, to leap, to fly;  
 And gambol in the Royal eye!  
 And, if expectant of some high employ,  
 How kicks the heart against the ribs, for joy!

How rich the incense to the Royal nose!  
 How liquidly the oil of FLATT'RY flows!  
 But should the Monarch turn from sweet to sour,  
 Which cometh oft to pass in half an hour,  
 How alter'd instantly the Courtier clan!  
 How faint! how pale! how woe-begone, and wan!

'Thus CORYDON, betroth'd to DELIA's charms,  
 In fancy holds her ever in his arms:

In mad'ning fancy, cheeks, eyes, lips devours;  
 Plays with the ringlets that all flaxen flow  
 In rich luxuriance o'er a breast of snow,  
 And on that breast the soul of rapture pours.

NIGHT too entrances—SLUMBER brings the dream—  
 Gives to his lips his IDOL's sweetest kiss;  
 Bids the wild heart, high panting, swell its stream,  
 And deluge every nerve with bliss;

But

But if his NYMPH unfortunately frowns,  
Sad, chapfall'n, lo ! he hangs himself, or drowns !

Oh, try with bliss his moments to beguile :  
Strive not to make your Sov'reign frown—but smile ;  
Sublime are Royal nods—most precious things,—  
Then, to be *whistled* to by Kings !

To have him lean familiar on one shoulder,  
Becoming thus the Royal arm-upholder,  
A heart of very stone must glad !  
Oh ! would some King so far himself demean,  
As on *my* shoulder but for *once* to lean,  
Th' excess of joy would nearly make me mad !  
How on the honour'd garment I should dote—  
And think a glory blaz'd around the coat !

Blest, I should make this coat my coat of arms,  
In fancy glitt'ring with a thousand charms ;  
And show my children's children o'er and o'er ;  
“ Here, Babies,” I should say, “ with awe behold  
“ This coat—worth fifty times its weight in gold :  
“ This very, very coat, your grandfire wore !

“ Here,”—pointing to the shoulder—I should say,  
“ Here Majesty's *own* hand so sacred lay”—  
Then p'rhaps repeat some speech the King might utter ;  
As—“ Peter, how go sheep a score ? what ? what ?  
“ What's cheapest meat to make a bullock fat ?  
“ Hæ ? Hæ ? what, what's the price of country but-  
“ ter ?”

Then should I, strutting, give myself an air,  
And deem my house adorn'd with immortality :  
Thus should I make the children, calf-like, stare,  
And fancy grandfather a man of quality :  
And yet, not stopping here, with cheerful note,  
The Muse should sing an *ode* upon the coat.

Poor lost AMERICA, high honours missing,  
Knows nought of smile and nod, and sweet hand-kissing;  
Knows nought of golden promises of Kings;  
Knows nought of coronets, and stars, and strings:

In solitude the lovely REBEL sighs!  
But vainly drops the penitential tear——

Deaf as the adder to the Woman's cries,  
We suffer not her wail to wound OUR ear:  
For food, we bid her hopeless children prowl,  
And with the savage of the desert howl.

---

## O. D. E. X.

"MAN may be happy, if he will:"

I've said it often, and I think so still:

Doctrine to make the MILLION stare!

Know then, each MORTAL is an actual JOVE;

Can brew what weather he shall most approve,

Or wind, or calm, or foul, or fair.

But here's the mischief—Man's an ass, I say;

Too fond of thunder, lightning, storm, and rain;

He hides the charming, cheerful ray

That spreads a smile o'er hill and plain!

Dark, he *must* court the scull, and spade, and shroud—

The mistress of his soul must be a CLOUD!

Who told him that he must be curs'd on earth?

The GOD of NATURE?—No such thing!

HEAV'N whisper'd him, the moment of his birth,

"Don't cry, my lad, but dance and sing;

Don't



" Don't be too wise, and be an ape:  
 " In colours let thy soul be dress'd, not crape.

" ROSES shall smooth LIFE's journey, and adorn;  
 " Yet, mind me—if through want of grace,  
 " Thou mean'st to fling the blessing in my face,  
 " Thou hast full leave to tread upon a thorn."

Yet some there are, of men I think the worst,  
 Poor imps! unhappy, if they can't be curs'd—  
 For ever brooding over MIS'RY's eggs,  
 As though Life's pleasure were a deadly sin;  
     Mousing for ever for a gin  
 To catch their happinesses by the legs.

Ev'n at a dinner, some will be unblest'd,  
 However good the viands, and well dress'd;  
 They always come to table with a scowl,  
 Squint with a face of verjuice o'er each dish,  
 Fault the poor flesh, and quarrel with the fish,  
     Curse cook and wife, and, loathing, eat and growl,

A cart-load, lo, their stomachs steal,  
 Yet swear they cannot make a meal.  
 I like not the blue-devil-hunting crew!  
 I hate to drop the discontented jaw!  
 O let me NATURE's simple smile pursue,  
 And pick ev'n pleasure from a straw!

O D E XI.

TREAT SOV'REIGNS, Sirs, with more respect, I beg;  
To Thrones, with due *decorum*, make a leg;

Ev'n *those* are sacred, though but empty chairs:  
There lurks in Thrones a *something*, though but wood,  
That thrills with awe the vulgar mass of blood,  
And fills the mouth and eye with gapes and stares;

Wishing by no means to affront,  
I wonder what's the meaning on't!

LOUIS QUATORZE was quite the Frenchman's GOD;  
Who made all nations tremble at his nod;

Married SCARRON's old widow, dry and frousy;  
Got in deep debt, the constable out-ran;  
And, to complete the farce, this GOD-LIKE MAN  
Died——*lousy*! †

The CROWN, so powerful, made him every thing!  
There's somewhat marv'lous in it, I must own!  
For folly is not folly on a Throne;  
For Whiting's eyes are di'monds in a King!

I dare not say that no exception springs  
Against this mighty magic pow'r of Kings:  
Not all a MONARCH's smiles, and pow'rs of PLACE,  
Can wipe vulgarity from BRUDENELL's face;  
Nor, though a whole eternity they try,  
Blot art, infernal art, from H—KSB—Y's eye;  
Blot beast from S-LISB—Y, who no legend needs,  
Pertness from D—K, and vacancy from L—DS.

† He actually had the *Morbus Pediculosis*.

## O D E XII.

LO! Majesty admireth yon fair ‡ DOME;  
 And deemeth that he is admired again!  
 The King is wedded to it—'tis his home—  
 He watches it—and *loves* it, e'en to pain:  
 And yet this lofty Dome is heard to say,  
 " Poh! poh! p-x take your love—away! away!"

To this, with energy I answer—Shame!"  
 Such bad behaviour puts me in a flame:  
 This is unseemly, nay, ungrateful carriage,  
 And brings to mind a little Ode to MARRIAGE.

## O D E TO HYMEN;

O R,

## T H E H E C T I C.

GOD of ten million charming things,  
 Of whom *our* MILTON so divinely sings,  
 Once dove-tail'd to a devil of a wife—  
 HYMEN, how comes it that I am so flighted?  
 Why with thy myst'ries am I not delighted,  
 Which I have try'd to peep on half my life?

‡ The Royal Academy.



God of the down-clad chains, dispel the mist—  
 O put me speedily upon thy list!  
 A civil list, like that of Kings I'm told,  
 Bringing in swelling bags of glorious gold!

What have I done to lose thy good opinion?

Against thee was I ever known to rail;  
 And say, (abusing thus thy sweet dominion)

"Curse me! if this Boy's trap shall catch my tail!"  
 No! no!—I praise thy knot with bellowing breath,  
 Which, like JACK KETCH's, seldom slips till death.

Lo! 'midst the hollow-sounding vault of Night,  
 Deep coughing by the taper's lonely light,

The hopeless HECTIC rolls his eye-balls, sighing:

"Sleep on," he cries, and drops the tend'rest tear,  
 Then kisses his wife's cherub cheek so dear:

"Blest be thy slumbers, Love! though I am dying;

"Ah! whilst *thou* sleepest with the sweetest breath,

"I pump, for life, the putrid well of death!

"I feel of Fate's hard hand th' oppressive pow'r,

"I count the iron tongue of ev'ry hour,

"That seems in Fancy's startled ear to say—

"Soon must thou wander from thy wife away."

"Dread sound! too solemn for the soul to bear,

"Murm'ring deep melancholy on my ear:

"And sullen—lingring, as if loth to part,

"And ease the terrors of my fainting heart.

"Yet, though I pant for life, sleep *thou*, my dove,

"For well thy constancy deserves my love."

And, lo! all young and beauteous, by his side,

His soft, fresh-blooming, incense-breathing BRIDE,

Whose cheek the dream of rapt'rous kisses warms,  
*Anticipates* her SPOUSE's wish so good;

Feels Love's wild ardours tingling through her blood,

And pants amidst a *second* husband's arms;

Now

Now opes her eyes, and, turning round her head,  
 " Wonders the filthy fellow is not dead !"

---

ODE XIII.

YOU quarrell'd with SIR JOSHUA some time since;  
 Of Painters, easily allow'd the Prince—

*The Emp'ror*, let me say, without a flattery:  
 Yet wantonly against this Emp'ror, lo!  
 An overflowing tub of bile to show,  
 You foolish planted an infernal battery.

The mind of man is vastly like a hive;  
 His thoughts so busy ever—all alive!

But here the *simile* will go no further;  
 For bees are making honey, one and all;  
 Man's thoughts are busy in producing gall,  
 Committing, as it were, self-murder.

But let the spirit that surrounds *my* frame  
 Sit easy on it, just like an old shoe—  
 When DISAPPOINTMENT sets my house in flame,  
 Let REASON all she can to quench it do:  
 REASON has engines plentiful and stout,  
 With water at command to put it out.

I hate to hear men quarrelling through life,  
 Themselves the fabricators of the strife;  
 For ever hunting, with a hound-like nose,  
 That hornet's nest, the tribe of woes:  
 And when the woes invited greet 'em,  
 They wonder how the dev'l they meet 'em.

## O D E XIV.

AH! could you wish your \* PRESIDENT to change?

Ah! could you, PAGANS, after false Gods range?

Swop *solid* REYNOLDS for that *shadow* WEST?

In love-affairs variety's no fin—

Trav'lers may change at any time their inn—

Here 'tis Paint-blasphemy, I do protest.

In LOVE's warm regions I should like, I own,

'Midst diff'rent climes to fix my throne:

DAVID's Physicians order'd change of † Dame—

And, lo! t'improve our cows, we bid 'em pass

Into variety of grass—

With *bulls*, I guess, th' advantage is the same.

And as I MONSIEUR CUPIDON employ,

To manufacture pieces of my joy,

I would not mad run counter to the fashion:

A little SYLVIA, with the sweetest smile,

Possesses power some moments to beguile,

And in Elysium lap the prettiest passion.

But not *toujours perdrix*—the vulgar thing!

Then PLEASURE soon would spread her wanton wing;

No! no! VARIETY the game must start—

Come oft, and make her curt'sy to my heart;

\* The AUTHOR has *some* reason to imagine that a part of the Academic Rebellion was meant to attack the PRESIDENT; the disappearance of whose works, in the present EXHIBITION, has been fatal.—  
One Picture from SIR JOSHUA's hand would have atoned for a host of  
Daubs.

† Abishag, the fair Shunamite.

And,



And, like the Orange Girls, my taste to suit,  
Cry, "Choice of fruit—fine fruit, Sir—choice of fruit,"

Dull **CONSTANCY** is quite a Quaker's hat,  
So formal!—changeless in its great broad brim;  
**VARIETY's** a fine young playful **CAT**—  
A hopeful imp of spirit, sport, and whim;  
Who, when all other objects fail,  
Runs after its own tail.

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## O D E XV.

**DEAD** is idolatry, and faint the praise  
That Scepter'd People meet with now-a-days!  
All unmolested, lo! the **VIRTUES** sleep!  
Their roof with fair applause but rarely rings—  
Sweet **PANEGYRIC** moves with snail-like creep,  
And **DEFAMATION** on the lightning's wings!  
Too pleas'd to pluck the soaring plume of **POW'R**,  
You bless an Opposition hour;  
Too fond, alas! of roasting harmless Kings;  
Too well I know what freedoms you would take—  
Beat the *dear* creatures just like Bears at stake;  
Just like a poor tame **GULL's**, would clip his wings!  
Poor bird! whom **FATE** oft cruelly assails;  
Forc'd from his bold aerial height,  
Sweeping the sun amidst his flight,  
To hop a garden, and hunt snails!  
Such is the fate of **LOUIS SEIZE**,  
Whom **PITY**, with a sigh, surveys;

Whom FRENCHMEN daringly have laid a curb on ;  
 Who now no more *full royalty* indites,  
 No more "*Sic volo*" to his kingdom writes,  
 But, "I'm your humble Servant, LOUIS BOURBON."

*Lettres-de-cachet*, now no longer known,  
 Shall lull no more an EMPIRE's idle groan :  
*Bastilles*, those schools of peace and sweet morality,  
 Instruct no more the mob, and men of quality :

*Bastilles*, the haunt of philosophic gloom,  
 Surround the IMPS of Liberty no more :  
 In dust each iron and colossal door,  
 Which clos'd in thunder on a Rebel's room ;

That pealing, with reverberated sound,  
 Rung through the caverns of the dread PROFOUND ;  
 Where MEDITATION ponder'd, pensive Maid !  
 And HORROR, death-like, paus'd upon the shade.

Oh, let us cherish, then, the ROYAL RACE,  
 The fount of honour, freedom, pension, place !  
 On *me* would KINGS their treasure sling away,

Most humbly grateful would I say,  
 " Thus LYBIA's Forests a kind shade supply,  
 " And for the meanest Savage form a den ;  
 " And thus the Mountains that invade the sky,  
 " Kind, in their shaggy bosoms warm the WREN."

## O D E XVI.

AMID the deep'ning gloom of Time  
*Your* puny names shall scarce appear ;  
 While those of Kings, in characters sublime,  
 Shall, blazing, bid a *world* revere :  
 Their peerless acts, with ev'ry virtuous quality,  
 Shall grace the PYRAMID of IMMORTALITY.

There shall their glorious names be seen so bright,  
 As on a Birth or Coronation night,  
 Amidst the evening's honour'd shade,  
 Fast by the grocer's, or the chandler's shop,  
 Or lace, or pinman, or the man of mop,  
 By loyal thumb-bottles display'd !  
 That, burning with a rival glow,  
 Beam on the gaping multitude below.

Know, when we slumber, not so sleeps the King—  
*He* watches !—yes, he ponders through the night !  
 To buried Genius lends a fancied wing,  
 And lifts him from his darkness into light :

Thus, nightly on the \* MEVAGIZZY shore,  
 When HORROR breathes upon the heaving DEEP,  
 Amid the wild and solemn roar ;  
 These eyes have seen the crafty HERON creep ;  
 Now dart his beak so sharp for fish's blood,  
 And snatch a wriggling Conger from the flood !

Here differeth this comparison of ours—  
 The KING *preserveth*—but the FOWL *devours*.

\* A Fishing-Town, in Cornwall.



## O D E XVII.

GO, Sirs, with halters round your wretched necks,  
Which some contrition for your crime bespeaks,

And much-offended Majesty implore :

Say, piteous, kneeling in the Royal view—

“ Have pity on a sad abandon’d crew,

“ And we, great King, will sin no more :

“ Forgive, dread Sir, the crying sin,

“ And *Mister* LAURENCE shall come in.”

Your hemp cravats, your pray’r, your Tyburn mien,  
May pardon gain from our good King and Queen,

For they are not inexorable people ;

Although you thus have run their patience hard ;

And though you are, to such great folk compar’d,

Candle-extinguishers to some high steeple.

For Kings (I speak it to their vast applause)

Can pardon, if you let them gain their cause ;

So gracious, they will give you such kind looks,

As fell upon the shav’d and humbled Cooks ;

Kind as a Gard’ner’s charitable eye

On some crush’d snail, or bird-lim’d fly ;

Kind as the Epicure’s, who, fond of mites,

Mingleth compassion with his bites.

How vile to make the front of Monarchs low’r !

I see him, all like vinegar so sour,

Look black !—but, *still* good-humour’d in his soul ;

And now I mark it, stealing forth so sweet—

Stream of forgiveness, what a Treat !—

I see his eye, with love re-kindling, roll.

Thus,

Thus, when the DEMON of the storm has driv'n  
 The SUN, that YOUTH of splendor, from his heav'n,  
 Drown'd every vale, and blasted ev'ry bloom;  
 Cast o'er poor NATURE's smile a sable shroud,  
 Each beauty blotted with his inkiest cloud,  
 And giv'n a cheerful world to gloom;

Lo! through the giant shade, a lonely Ray  
 Peeps from the op'ning West with timid air,  
 (Till forc'd by shouldering clouds away),  
 Informing man, " To-morrow will be fair.

Oh, had you rev'renc'd a great K—g's commands,  
 What trouble he had taken off your hands!  
 For ART you had not rang'd the realm around!  
 His keener eye the precious gem had found!  
 Then, what an honour to have seen appointed,  
 Your very NIGHTMAN, by the LORD'S ANOINTED!

## O D E XVIII.

A LITTLE more, and I have done—  
 The Muses' tittle-tattle must go on.—

The world is very fond of calling " Fool."  
 It looks with rapture on a simple head,  
 Of puerilities the rich hot-bed,  
 So pleasing to the taste of RIDICULE:  
 Rare crops! that, thick'ning into life,  
 Start, like asparagus, to tempt the knife.

And,

And, should the Head belong to some great DUKE,  
 HAWK-SATIRE eyes it with the keenest look :  
 Still, should the OWNER hap to be a KING,  
 Sharp for her quarry, how she prunes her wing !  
 Such is the proneness to assail *great folk*,  
 And make high birth and state a standing joke.

Oh, for an ointment to destroy the scab  
 Call'd ENVY, which, alas ! too many know !  
 The Heart should be a Medlar, not a Crab ;  
 Milk, and not verjuice, from its fount should flow :  
 But GREATNESS, fun-like, from the muddy stream,  
 Draws the foul vapour that obscures its beam :

Indeed, the PEOPLE are a lawless crew—  
 Why strive I then, Quixotic, to reform ?  
 As soon a feather may the waves subdue,  
 And spiders bind the pinion of the storm.

Yet, 'tis not strange, that Kings should lose repute,  
 Confid'ring Man's so great a Brute.—  
 Ev'n SAINTS themselves have lost their reputation :  
 ROME formerly had thirty thousand Gods ;  
 And now, I warrant ye, 'tis odds,  
 They own scarce *one* through all the Romish Nation.  
 Alas ! who now believes in sticks and stones,  
 Old rags, and hair, and marrow-bones ?

SAINT AGNES, that sweet Lady, void of Sin ;  
 Was stripp'd, poor Gentlewoman, to her skin ;  
 And, for Religion, carried to the stews ;  
 When, as the Lady was so bare,  
 GOD gave her such a quantity of hair,  
 As reach'd unto her very shoes.

When



When to the Bawdy-house arriv'd the DAME,  
An angel from above commission'd came,  
And spread around her such a heav'nly light,  
As dazzled every body's sight.

However, a young OFFICER \*, a Buck,  
Wishing prodigiously to have a look,  
Dash'd forth, to pierce the middle of the Light,  
Meaning to violate the DAME so good ;  
Which meaning, when the DEVIL understood,  
He choak'd the wanton ROGUE out-right.

Such is the tale ! true ev'ry crumb ;  
Now, no more heeded than TOM THUMB.

T O M R. P I T T.

DEAR as a di'mond to the best of Queens,  
Dear as to Cormorants, of fish a shoal ;  
Dear to a German Hog, as beds of beans ;  
Dear as a sixpence fav'd, to MIS'RY's soul :

Dear as the Doctor's Bill to this good Nation,  
Which Parliament, with tears of joy, survey'd ;  
Which brought about a much-desir'd salvation,  
For which the Doctors have been *poorly* paid :

\* The Son of a Prefect.

Dear as the \* ROYAL MESSAGE to the NATION,  
 By which *more money* humbly is implor'd—  
 “ More money for the CHILDREN's education—  
 “ Hard times ! more money for the CHILDREN's  
 board ;”

Dear as to *valiant* GLOSTER sword and gun ;  
 Dear as a dock-leaf to a hungry ass ;  
 Dear to the fam'd GEORGE SELWYN, as a pun ;  
 Dear as to legs of mutton, caper sauce ;

Dear as the voice of flatt'ry to the PROUD ;  
 Dear as to Hackney-coachmen signs of rain,  
 Who count their shillings in a coming cloud,  
 And, pious, pray for Noah's flood again ;

So dear to Monarchs is that idol POW'R !  
 So dear is prompt obedience to a King !  
 Far, of resistance be the trying hour !  
 God blefs us ! what a melancholy thing !

Yet opposition-fraught to Royal wishes,  
 Quite counter to a gracious King's commands,  
 Behold ! th' ACADEMICIANS, those strange fishes,  
 For † WHEATLY lifted their unhallow'd hands,

So then, those fellows have not learnt to crawl,  
 To play the spaniel, lick the foot, and fawn—  
 Oh, be their bones by Tigers broken all !  
 Pleas'd, by wild horses could I see them drawn.—

\* What a niggardly set of Representatives we send to Parli-  
 ment ! To suffer his Majesty so *frequently* to be begging for a *little*  
 money, is shameful in the extreme.—In God's name, let him have  
 the TREASURY at once. Had he been worth ten or eleven millions,  
 an economy would have been pardonable.

† The Rival Candidate of Mr. LAURENCE.

O PITT !

O PITT! with thee I'm sorry, very sorry!  
 Not make a poor ASSOCIATE!—such a *thing*!  
 Why try'd to tarnish thus the Royal Glory?  
 What Rebel balloted against his King?

Then, Sir, he is so bountiful a man!  
 A cataract of charity, I'll say—  
 Inform me any body, if you can,  
 Unmark'd by liberality a day!

Where'er he walks, where'er his wild career,  
 Through CHELT'NAM, WEYMOUTH, EXON, PLV-  
 MOUTH, lo,  
 With joy his staring subjects all, so dear,  
 See from each step a stream of glory flow.

Thus, when that pretty animal an —,  
 At night, on pavement gallops like the wind;  
 Fire kindling at his heels, behold him pass!  
 How bright the sparkles that hop out behind!

Nurs'd on the dunghill of the smiles of Kings,  
 What mushrooms daily, to surprise us, start!  
 So nimbly the fair Vegetable springs!  
 Such warmth prolific, can a smile impart!

Such is of Royalty the envied pow'r!—  
 Then perish ev'ry Academic Plant!  
 Oh, may they feel nor sun, nor fost'ring show'r!  
 Blow round them, O ye cold, cold winds of WANT!

What Nabob structures rise, with wings outspread,  
 Whose Owner's necks well merit to be lopp'd!  
 With what sublimity they lift the head,  
 By DEATH, and RUIN's ATLAS-shoulders propp'd!

But



But such thy Master's purity of soul,  
His eyes upon the sword of Justice feast :  
" Curse on the Pearl (he cries) by **RAPINE** stole ;  
" Curse on the di'monds of the bleeding East !

" Curse on the Villains that whole realms despoil !  
" Curse on the cruel hand (we hear him cry)  
" That steals the fruit of **LABOUR**'s honest toil,  
" And draw's the tear of blood from **PITT**'s eye !"

O **PITT** ! what punishment shall we contrive,  
To suit this faucy, self-important Crew ?  
How shall we smoke this Academic Hive,  
That stinging makes us look so very *blue* ?

Oh, bid our Monarch draw his purse-strings tight ;  
Contract his open heart, of giant stature ;  
Use ev'ry species of little spite,  
And violate for *once* his noble nature.

Oh, bid our Sov'reign take it not to heart ;  
For downright Brutes are **BRITONS**, nine in ten :  
At curbs and whips behold us Asses start,  
And insolently claim the **RIGHTS OF MEN** !

And yet, I moderation wish to Kings !  
Yes, yes, they should be merciful, though strong.  
As **SCEPTRES** have been found in France with wings,  
One would not lose an **EMPIRE** for a *Song*.



T H E E N D.